

1484. m. 18.

THE

COUNTRY GIRL:

AN

ODE.



L O N D O N:

Printed for W. WEBB near St. Paul's. 1742.

[Price ^{Three} Sixpence.]

THE

COUNTRY GARDEN

AND

E.



O.

LONDON.

Printed for W. Webb near St. Paul's Church.

[Price 2 pence.]

THE
COUNTRY GIRL:
O D E.

II.

THE Country Girl that's well inclin'd
To love, when the young Squire grows kind,
Doubts between Joy and Ruin;
Now will, and now will not comply,
To Raptures now her Pulse beats high,
And now she fears undoing.

The

But

II.

But when the Lover with his Prayers,
 His Oaths, his Sighs, his Vows and Tears,
 Holds out the proffer'd Treasure;
 She quite forgets her Fear and Shame,
 And quits her Virtue, and Good-Name,
 For Profit mixt with Pleasure.

III.

So virtuous P—— who had long,
 By Speech, by Pamphlet, and by Song,
 Held Patriotism's Steerage,
 Yields to Ambition, mixt with Gain,
 A Treasury gets for H——K——,
 And for himself a Peerage.



IV.

Tho' with joint Lives and Debts before,

H- - -'s Estate was cover'd o'er,

This *Irish* Place repairs it;

Unless that Story should be true,

That he receives but Half his Due,

And the new C- - -'s shares it.

V.

'Tis said, besides, that t'other H- - -

Pays Half the Fees of Secretary

To B- - -'s ennob'd Doxy;

If so- - - good Use of Power she makes,

The Treasury of each Kingdom takes,

And holds them both by Proxy.

VI.

Whilst her dear L- - d obeys his Summons,
 And leaves the noisy H- - - of C- - -
 Amongst the L- - -s to nod;
 Where, if he's better than of old,
 His Hand, perhaps, a Stick may hold,
 But never more a Rod.

VII.

Unheard of let him slumber there,
 As innocent as any P- - -
 As prompt for any Jobb;
 For now he's popular no more,
 Has lost the Power he had before,
 And his best Friends, the Mob:

VIII.

Their Fav'rites shou'dn't soar so high,
 They fail him' when too near the Sky,
 Like *Icarus's* Wings ;
 And Popularity is such,
 As still is ruin'd by the Touch
 Of gracious giving Kings.

IX.

Here then, O! *B----*, thy Empire ends,
A----le shall with his Tory Friends,
 Soon better Days restore ;
 For *Enoch's* Fate and thine are one,
 Like him translated, thou art gone
 Ne'er to be heard of more.

F I N I S.

(7)

VIII.

They fall him when too near the Sky
Their favours should not lose to high

Like Aeneas's Wings;

And Popularity is such,

As still is raised by the Touch

Of generous giving Kings.

THE

Here then, O! B---, thy Empire ends,

N--- shall with his Tory Friends,

Soon better Days reflect;

For Aeneas's Fate and mine are one,

Like him translated, thou art gone

Never to be heard of more.

F Y W I S.

